✝ THE MASTER ✝

A Rosary of Christian Verse

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✝ CARROLL LUND BATES ✝

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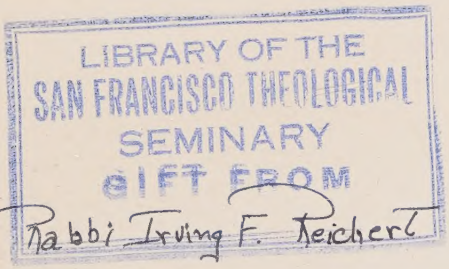
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CHRIST

Detail from "Christ and the rich young Ruler," by Hofman

THE MASTER

A Rosary of Christian Verse

BY

CARROLL LUND BATES

With Twenty Illustrations

BOSTON
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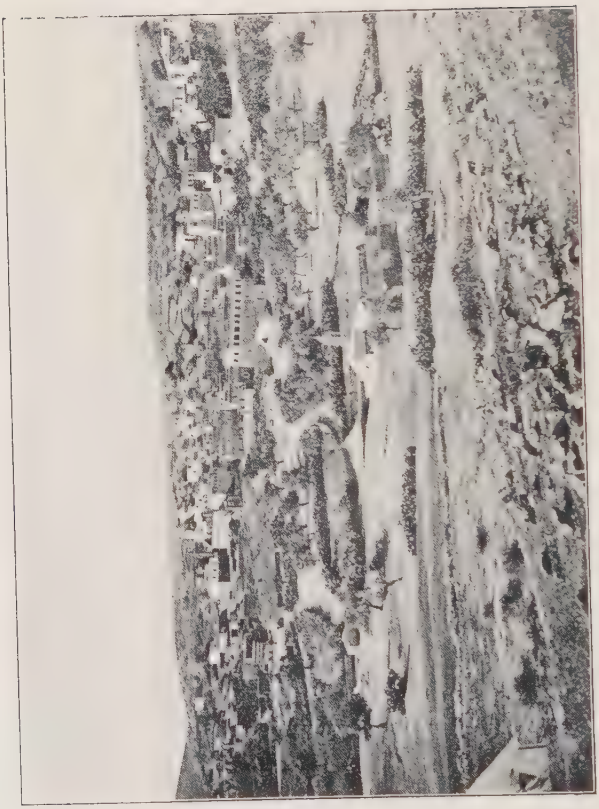
" Lord," said my Soul one quiet morn,
" Men think the age-old creeds out-worn.
Faith is asleep; and sad hearts yearn
For what their blindness makes them spurn."
" Write!" said my Lord,—
" Of what?" I cried.
" Write how The Master lived and died."



NAZARETH

The Annunciation

Nazareth's streets lie quiet and brown,
As morning dawns and the sun looks out.
Nazareth wakes; while the day lets down
Curtains of light on its hills about.

For the village today is the Bride of God.
(Veiled be thy hills in a silver light!)
As Mary, kneeling, receives the word
That ransoms our race from its death and night.

"Ave!" 'Tis said, and the entail of sin
Is broken. God severs the sin-soiled thread.
A new strand commences; and man may begin
A God-renewed sonship in Christ his new Head.

* * * * * * * * *

"Ave!" O Saviour, say the word,
For Thy Church is kneeling in this new day;
"Keep me" she prayeth, "the Bride of God,
Scatter these clouds of doubt away."

The streets of our city lie bare and brown—
Bare and brown with the fires of sin—
Ave! Lord, send an angel down;
Let Thy Holy Ghost bring the new age in.

THE ANNUNCIATION
By Murillo

The Nativity

Christmas

Low burned the lights in a village inn,
Master and servant had gone to rest;
Quiet which hovers when new days begin
Folded thee, Bethlehem, close to its breast.

Cattle all sheltered in yonder rude shed,
Beast nor man felt never a care;
One only needed. The Christ Child's head
Pillowed itself in a manger bare.

Pardon, O Jesus, our sinful race,
That they gave to Thee such scanty cheer.
Filled were Thy hands with largess of grace,
Men drove Thee out to a stable drear.

We have driven Thee forth, O Jesus blest,
Many a time from our own heart's gate;
Out in the storm with no place to rest;
Driven Thee out though the hour was late.

'Tis our sins, O Christ Child, 'tis our sin!
That has turned Thee away from our heart's
gate;

THE NATIVITY
By C. Schonherr

They have crowded the rooms of our own
heart's inn.
They, and not we, have made Thee wait.

Out of our hearts on this Christmas-tide
We will drive our sin with a whip of cord.
Enter, Christ Child! the door stand wide!
Here make Thy Bethlehem, Jesus, Lord.

ADORATION OF THE KINGS

By C. C. Pfaunschmidt

The Magi

Epiphany (One)

Into a city, far away,
Three strangers ride in solemn quest,
"Where is the king that is born?" they say,
"We have seen his star in the distant east."

"A king?" said the City, "No king is here;
Herod, the robber, is on the throne.
The shadows are dark, and the times are drear;
Messiah tarries. The night is lone."

Yet, even then, not far away,
Mary sang over her Child a song.
The King had come to begin His sway.
The strangers were right, and the City, wrong.

* * * * * *

Into our city they come today,
From distant lands and beyond the sea
"Where is the King? We have heard men say
That a star hangs over this country free."

"A King!" we answer, "O stranger guest
You mock our woe by what you have said.
Mammon fattens. Greed is blessed.
Virtue has perished. Our Christ is dead."

Yet, even now, in the heart of our youth,
Mary sings over the Christ her song,
And our new Christ shall rise and restore
His truth.
The strangers are right and the cynics wrong.

THE FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM

By Nungelberg

CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS

By Hofman

The Boy Christ in the Temple

Epiphany (Two)

Awake! ye Hebrews, wake!
The doves sing low in the olive trees,
There's the smell of dawn in the stirring
breeze,
Awake! ye Hebrews, wake!

Come! Nazareth townsmen, come!
The season is here when Passover waits;
Queen city Salem opens her gates.
Come! fellow-townsmen, come!

Yes! son of the carpenter, yes!
Twelve is the age when by Moses' decree,
A "son of the law" you too may be,
Yes! son of Mary, yes!

Hail! holy city, hail!
How fair is the city of God most High,
Thy courts, O Sion, delight mine eye;
Hail! holy city, hail!

Lost! fellow-townsmen, lost!
Returning, this night-fall has brought great
care,

Boy Jesus has tarried, we know not where;
Lost, fellow-townsmen, lost!

Why? mother Mary, why?
Did ye not know that I must be,
In my Father's House, as now ye see?
Why? mother Mary, why?

* * * * * *

Jesus, beloved, yes!
The Church bells ring, and the doctors preach,
And still it is Thou who the teachers teach;
Jesus, beloved, yes!

Jesus, my Saviour, how?
Thy teachers may diverse doctrines tell,
Yet all tell truth, if they love Thee well;
Jesus, my Saviour, how?

Jesus, the blessed, here!
Thou art still in Thy Church, and strife of minds
Shall cease as our heart one Saviour finds,
Jesus, the blessed, here.

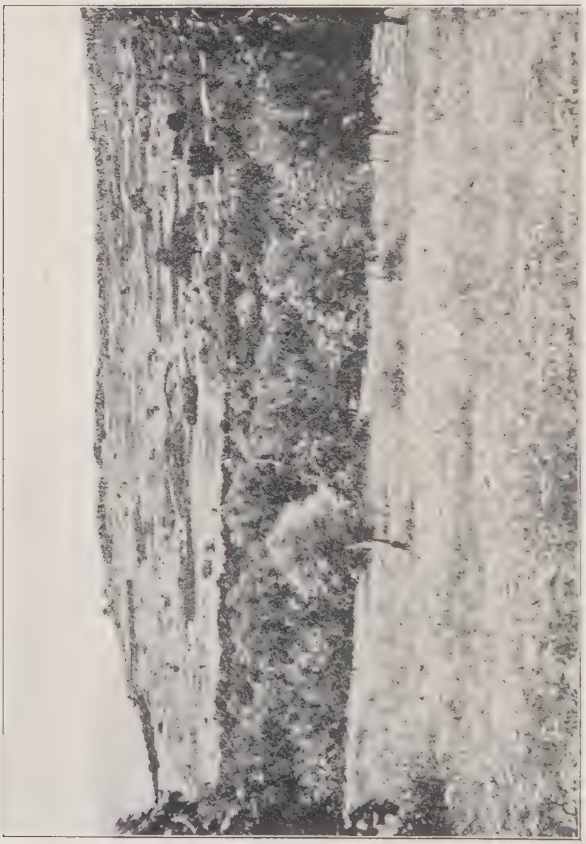
The First Miracle

Epiphany (Three)

Just on the slope of a hill-side green,
A village with houses low and white,
Lay sunning itself in a glamour of light,
As a day dawned long ago;
A maiden in one of the houses awoke,
Opened her window and tenderly spoke:
"Welcome! beautiful day of mine—
For today from my home I go;

Go—but come to my home as well,
For with him I love I wed today."
—And anon the guests gather in goodly array,
And all is happy and glad;
Mary comes from Nazareth town,
And Jesus, her Son—and the guests sit down,
And the wedding feast is had.

"The wine has failed!"—There is heard the cry;—
'Twas just as when the day has been bright,
And a cloud in the sky obscures the light,
The beautiful light of the sun.



CANA

"The wine has failed!" 'Tis the end of joy,
And of innocent smiles—with no alloy
Of anything wrongly done.

"They have no wine," said Mary then—
"Nay! but my summons comes not from men,"
Tenderly pleads our Lord.
To the servants does blessed Mary say,
"Do as he bids, for I feel that today
He will hear His Father's word."

"Fill ye the water jars!" Jesus cries,
For God had called Him to then arise,
And His public work to begin;
"Draw off and bear," and wine's fair hue
Glinted and gleamed, as the servants drew,
And the vessels filled to the brim.

* * * * * *

Jesus, often as the hours go by,
Tired and worn to Thee we cry—
There seems no joy. Life's stream runs slow.
Then to our Lord right oft we go,
"The wine has failed, dear Lord," we say,
"Take this poor boon of breath away!"

MARRIAGE AT CANA

Youth goes,—"The wine has failed," we
claim;
Wealth goes—our plaint is still the same;
Loved ones fare on through Heaven's door
Sadly we moan, as we had before,
"Ah! it has failed,—the wine."

"Son," speaketh Christ, "do not complain.
Seek not thy Father to rudely constrain;
Draw off and bear what remains of life,
Asking of me to bless."
When we obey, lo! the glint and glow,
Of bane changed to blessing, of profit in woe!

And time brings character; trouble, strength;
Sorrow brings hope, and Faith at length,
Dawning within life's secret place,
Changes the heart and changes the face,
And we know that it has not failed, the wine,
But, by the process of life, divine,
The water of living, through toil and strife,
Jesus has changed to the wine of life.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST
By Doré

The Stilling of the Tempest

Epiphany (Four)

Evening! and Galilee quiet lies;
Come men, and the boat prepare!
Jostle of throng hurry and noise —cry of the people—
Have worn Me, the Master,
The lake has rest on its waters—Carry Me there!

Weary? yes, He has taught since morning.
Someone a pillow! There in the hinder part of the boat let Him lie.
Bend to the oar! Keep stroke together! Fisher-men's muscle
Shall do what it can for Him.
Sleeping? Thank God!—Still now as breathing, our oars we'll ply,

How dark it is now! and just past the sunset!
A storm, men! Row for the nearest shore.
Swish of the waves! Clamor of wind! Clangor of thunder!
Master! Save us! Carest Thou not that we perish?
Our hope giveth o'er!

Children! Why are ye faithless?
Am I not here? And this world is your
Father's, all -
Sunshine and cloud ocean and land quiet
and tempest—
He has these in His care,
Rest trustfully on Him. He heareth your
call.

"Peace, be ye still!" But if these fear the
tempest,
Let the storm end.
Calmer it grows! The wind is a breeze.
The sun shineth out—
The fishermen quiet, sit in their places.
Again the oars bend.

* * * * * *

Jesus! Life is not all of it calm.
As we proceed on life's journey, oft cometh
storm.
Wrenching of faith! Breaking of heart!
Torture of worry!
Carest Thou not that we perish? Why is
God sleeping?
Waken, and spare us this harm.

Children! Always your Father is with you.
Even in the tempest is hidden His love.
Welding of Faith! Forging of Hope! Growing of Charity—
These in the tempest thy Father's beneficence prove.

But—is the tempest too heavy?
Do its clamor and straining weary your dear human heart?
Come unto me! Wake me by prayer! Hold to me closely!
Peace!—I will quiet thy tempest—
All of thy fears shall depart.

Ash Wednesday

A Meditation

Jesus, whene'er my past I view,
And all my guilty sins spell o'er,
Grief loads my heart; death seems my due;
I stand ashamed outside Thy door.

But when I think of Thy dear love,
That brought Thee here for my poor sake,
To this low earth from Heaven above;
Ah, then my dearest Lord, I wake.

Saidst Thou upon the cross "I thirst?"
And didst Thou mean "I thirst for thee?"
Straight then, upon that word, I burst
All that divides us. Take Thou me.

For, Jesus, I am thirsty, too;
For lack of Thee my strength is spent;
Not with vain tears my past I'll view;
New consecration bless my Lent!

The Temptation

Lent

Out from His world my Saviour went,
Out from the clamor of throng and street;
Out from the home whose shelter meant
Nazareth happiness, mother-love sweet.

Out from the task and out from the plan;
Out from pleasure, and out from ease;
Out from the common haunts of man
Till the Desert, astonished, her Master sees.

"I have no bread," the Desert cried,
"You will hunger, Lord, I have only stone."
"Nay, yield Me your Bread;" my Lord replied,
"The world is hungry. Men perish alone."

Back to His world my Saviour went,
Back to the city, and back to the throng;
Back to where multitudes, hunger-spent,
Feeding on husks, had been starving long.

CHRIST TEMPTED BY SATAN

By Cornecelius

Into their hands my Lord put food,
Bread of peace, and of sweet commands;
Bread of faith in a Father good;
He had found God's Bread in the desert sands.

* * * * * *

Out from our world we will go, dear Lord,
Out from our work, from ease, and hoard;
To ask the Desert to give us food,
For we starve, in this world for the Bread of God.

"I have no Bread," does the Desert say?
(Nay; fasting nor vigil yield not content.)
But Christ waits out from the world's highway,
He will break us Bread. He will bless our Lent.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM
By Doré

The Triumphal Entry

Palm Sunday

The street stands crowded from wall to wall.
Yon Hebrew boy, come here, I pray,
And tell me what has sufficed to call
Such a multitude abroad today.

"Friend, do you see upon yonder hill
Where the road winds around old Olive's
brow?"
"Lad, I see only the sunshine still,
And some ragged trees and the dust below;

While along the poor path some weary men,
With one in their midst as poor as they;
He is much bespent, for I see again
That he rides on an ass; and they draw this
way."

"Stranger, many a month before,
I stood on the coast of Gennesaret's sea;
In a basket of wicker some loaves I bore
That a mother, at home, had prepared for
me.

"Stranger, just at the set of the sun,
He that was teaching called me near;
"Will you give me your loaves, lad?"—
"Every one!"
I answered, and gave them with never a fear.

"Stranger, five thousand men and more
Had heard what the Teacher had to say;
And these were hungry, He blessed my store,
And He fed them all, and He sent them away.

"Stranger, He that rides down toward the gate
Is that Teacher. All hail! Let me go I say!
I must join them at once. I would not be late.
You must keep me no longer. I cannot stay."

"Hosanna!" down from the hill they cry,
"Hosanna!" comes back from the town below,
As they pay meet homage and honor high,
And for Christ's dear feet their green palms strow.

O Saviour, all-blessed, as Thy dear feet
Come down the hill which Thy good Cross crowns,

As into our Salem Thy presence sweet
Draws near, and our trouble and sorrow
drowns.

Help us to give Thee the tribute we owe,
Confession meet -Consecration true.
And thus in Thy pathway, dear Lord, to
strow
The palms that Thou lovest, Thy tribute due.

THE LAST SUPPER
By E. Zimmermann

The Last Supper

Maundy Thursday

When Israel through the desert went,
They traveled many days.
Worn were they then, and much bespent.
It was a weary ways.

The host arose on one blest morn
And, all the camp around,
Lay morsels numberless along
Like hoar frost, on the ground.
"Manna?*—what is it?"—Israel said.
'Twas Heaven's gift—Jehovah's bread.

When Jesus' days on earth were gone,
His chosen apostles gathered near.
The night seemed dark. The way seemed
long.
Heart-hungry were they; racked with fear.

Through centuries, men had longed for God;
Thro' Jesus these twelve on God had fed.

**Manna is here taken to be a contraction of the Hebrew "man hu," signifying "what is it?"*

They pressed around to keep their Lord.
They knew Him well—their heart's true
Bread.

"Take ye and eat," in love He cried,
"Drink ye this Cup, my children blest.
Heart-hunger shall not be denied.
My presence shall always with you rest."

* * * * *

When on life's path the Christian fares,
Sometimes the way seems lone and drear:
He wonders if the good God cares.
He sinks and faints midst many a fear –

Then, if the Christian heeds and calls,
Bending in the quiet Church his knee,
Silent around, the blessing falls;
Tearfulness ends; his heart is free.
"Manna? what is it?"—does knowledge
cry?—
"'Tis Jesus' Bread," Faith makes reply.

Good Friday

Sleep on Judea's city lies,
Shadows hang over her valley and hill;
With the coming of morning the people arise,
And the marts and the streets for a new day
fill.

But the heart of the race was passing sad,
And this bright new day brought the heart no
light;
Though 'twas outwardly morning and voices
seemed glad,
Man doubted his God, and within it was
night.

Hail! On a hill near the city appears
A Cross! and One gives His life thereon;
It scatters the shadows, it terminates fears,
It rises resplendent,—the heart's true sun!

Out from his own the shepherd went,
One sheep had strayed from the ninety and
nine,
Wayworn and weary and all bespent,
He returned with the lost in his arms benign.

GOLGOTHA

By Gerome

The prodigal, sick of the world and its
charms,
Cried, "Father, in exile my true home I
miss."
The father fared forth, took his child in his
arms,
And sealed the home-coming with passionate
kiss.

So, when our one little world had strayed,
Far on the path of shame and, sin,
Search for the lost the Shepherd made,
And, travel-bespent, He brought man in.

And so, when our earth, all hungry and sad,
Complained, "There's no joy in an exile
like this,"
Forth-faring from Heaven my Lord made
glad
The earth –blood-ransomed - with God's
own kiss.

Sleep yet lies over us. Shadows drear
Still hang dark on this poor earth's skies;
Banish our darkness, Saviour dear,
Over earth's night let Thy Cross arise.

THE CRUCIFIXION

By Reubens

Hail, holy day! and year, by year,
Draw o'er our era the holy sign;
Print on man's forehead God's kiss most dear.
Home bring the world in thine armsbenign.

EASTER DAWN

By Thompson

The Resurrection

Easter

Hosanna! Jesus slays our foe!
His strong right arm the victory brings.
Hosanna! Let all men below
Extol Him. He is King of kings.

Hosanna! The first Adam's sin
Bred hateful death, made joy to cease.
Unfold, ye gates of life! Let in
The Conqueror! Jesus brings us peace!

Hosanna! Though for three sad days
'Twas dark, while Jesus seemed to sleep;
Upon the third, Love's conquering rays
Banished the dark; men ceased to weep.

Hosanna! Even now, dear Lord,
'Tis often dark. I sometimes fear.
What matter! I can wait Thy word
To end the darkness. Thou art near.

If, sometimes in life's shadowy room,
Hope dies, and Jesus seems to sleep,
I'll bravely keep beside Thy tomb
My three days' watch; I will not weep.

Three days! I will with patience bide.
I'll watch and trust with quiet heart,
I know that soon my Easter-tide
Will come; and all my fears depart.

Appearances of Christ After the Resurrection

The Great Forty Days

The Church begins her march again
Along those forty festal days
Which follow Easter's happy reign,
And swell the Risen Redeemer's praise.

Like lights along a road at night
These two score days are lamps alight
With Easter's hope. And many a glow
Upon the path of life they throw.

Two walked, discouraged, to their home.
Near to them now see Jesus come.
The three fare on. He blesses bread;
They know Him, though no word is said.

Into the town, with zealous speed
They run to bring the eleven word—
"We've seen Him!" "He is risen indeed,"
These answer, "Simon hath seen the Lord."

But Thomas was not with them then;
An eight days pass, Christ comes again;
In fellowship with faithful hearts
Thomas believes; his doubt departs.

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS
By Plackhurst

Dim dawn and Galilee's watery sheen.
All night these seven have fishing been;
One speaks from the not distant shore
'Tis Jesus' voice! They are sad no more.

* * * * * *

We walk Emmaus-ward when we sigh,
And let these precious days go by
The prey of grief. Wouldst happy be?
Take the Christ home thy Guest to be.

And if, perchance, in some still place,
Where Bread is blessed, and Wine out-
poured,
Thou'st seen, at last, thy Saviour's face,
Haste! Tell some others of thy Lord.

We all have Thomas' sickness felt
Where Faith's pulse fails, and dark doubts
pain—
Then find where Christians meet, and melt
In prayer thy doubt—believe again.

We toil all night like those sad seven
Who caught no fish, when hard we try
To live and work our way to Heaven
With no real Faith in our heart's sky.

SUPPER AT EMMAUS

By Palma Vecchio

Awake! The dawn bids dreaming cease.
Wouldst really fill life's empty net?
Heed Jesus' word. His counsels yet,
Followed, bring His beloved peace.

THE ASCENSION
By Hofman

The Ascension

Open, ye doors of vasty light!
Jesus completes His high emprise;
Conqueror now of Death and Night,
Wearing our nature, He seeks the skies.

"Follow!" He calls, "ye children mine,
See ye not how the road winds steep,
Over rough stones where thorns entwine,
Past sharp ascents, through shadows deep?

Craven is he who peril heeds.
Fear not the steeps, the goal shows clear;
Straight to God's throne the pathway leads.
Follow! I lead you, my children dear."

"Yea, we are coming," 'tis Christendom's cry
"To Jesus ascending to God's white throne.
But creed-strife weary and Pharisees' lie
Hinder our feet; and time flows on.

"Coming! O Jesus," Knowledge calls,
While school-houses rise and books increase;
But, weary of learning, man stumbles and falls;
The wisdom-path fails him. He finds not peace.

"Coming," says Progress, with ardor meet,
As we build great cities and hoard up gold,
Yet, over our heads Christ's ascending feet
Pass onward; we miss them. The age grows old.

"I come!" says Today, and we strain our eyes
To discern the high path through the years before;
And we see, at last, with a glad surprise,
How plain goes the way to the Heavenly door:

For man cannot ascend by progress great,
Nor by strife of creed nor by wisdom's lore.
'Twas love lifted Jesus to Heaven's gate,
'Twas service extolled Him to Heaven's door.

Open, ye doors of vasty light!
Manhood awakens and seeks the skies.
Jesus, in Thee we would scale the height,
Jesus! complete Thy high emprise.

The Descent of the Holy Spirit

Whitsunday

Seven times seven days had sped
Since the Paschal lambs in the temple bled,
And Pentecost was drawing near—
A feast which all faithful Jews revere.

"Listen my children," Jesus had said,
"I must leave you now, but, in my stead,
Shall Another come, a Presence Divine,
To possess, to comfort, to strengthen mine."

Shadows of Jewish ritual old
In mystical whispers, had all foretold.
Paschal lamb bespoke Jesus slain;
The "wave-sheaf" had said, "He will rise again."

And now the sun of Pentecost rose,
And, as Jewish priest to the temple goes,
The rites of this day tell soft and clear
Of the promise of Jesus, so soon to appear.

"Jehovah, we thank Thee," the priest had said,
"For Moses' law; and we bring this bread,

THE PENTECOST

Leavened and made of the first-ripe whea,t
Our Pentecost offering and tribute meet.''

And, as the priest his service said,
And offered the ''wave-loaves'' of hallowed
bread,
Lights of the promise danced and glowed
In this Hebrew service — so strange and old.

Sinai and Moses and tables of stone
Whispered, '' God's Spirit, and He alone,
Can make men good, when in the heart
The will to be good He doth impart.''

And the offered loaves of leavened bread
These, in a whisper, plainly said:
'' The leaven of Jesus shall finish its task
When the Spirit He sendeth all men shall
ask.''

So they gather now, the twelve good men,
Pledged to be Christ's till He comes again;
Never a thought of doubt or fear,
'' Wait—He will come.—And the time draws
near.''

Hosanna! When the fire had died
That God made to glow in the soul of man,

Choked by the embers of sin and pride,
God relighted the flame as He only can.

Hosanna! Lambent tongues of fire
Dividing, sat upon each dear head.
So Christ fulfilled man's vast desire,
"Who wanteth God's Spirit may have," –
'twas said.

Jesus! Now as we kneel and pray,
Keep us Thine own from day to day,
Send to us now Thy Holy Ghost,
Then shall we serve and please Thee most.

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